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A MEMORIAL

OF

Lieut. Colonel John T. Thornton,

OF THE

THIRD VIRGINIA CAVALRY,

C. S. A.

BY

THE REV. R. L. DABNEY, D. D.

RICHMOND, VA:
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.
1864.

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MEMORIAL

OF

LIEUTENANT COLONEL THORNTON.

Amidst the great company of Christian heroes whom Virginia has sacrificed for the independence of the Confederate States, few names, next to her Jackson's, shine more brightly than that of Lieut. Col. JOHN T. THORNTON of Prince Edward, Va. The son of Mr. Wm. Thornton of Cumberland county, he inherited from his father an honorable name, a vigorous understanding, and an ample estate. After the most careful literary training, he adopted the profession of law, and chose the town of Farmville for his residence. From the very beginning, his high honor and qualifications secured him the respect of his fellow-citizens; and he stepped into a busy practice, in which he was fast winning the highest grade of distinction. Here the present war found him, although still a young man, diligently engaged in his profession, the pride, the trusted counsellor, and chosen servant, of his county, and surrounded with all the domestic bliss which an elegant home, and an engaging family could confer. This happiness he was peculiarly fitted to enjoy. But although a liberal supporter, and habitual attendant, of the offices of religion, he was not yet a Christian: this crown was lacking to his character.

Mr. Thornton was in temper a conservative; and accordingly, in politics he was no extremist. Of the Convention which dissolved the connexion of Virginia with the Federal Union, he was chosen a member. There, and in the primary meetings of the people, his chaste and masculine eloquence was frequently heard, advocating, on the one hand, all the conciliation and forbearance towards our assailants consistent with honor and righteousness, and on the other, the most determined assertion of our essential rights. After witnessing the scornful rejection of all the overtures our magnanimous Commonwealth made for the sake of peace, he heartily concurred in the act which made her independent of the betrayers of the Constitution; and when the Convention adjourned, he immediately returned home, and accepted the command of a company of horse, composed of his friends and neighbors. This troop was embodied in the 3rd Virginia Cavalry. Although at first a novice in military affairs, he rapidly became a well-instructed and efficient officer, while his courage, fortitude, and impartiality, made him the idol of his men. As the first year of the war approached its end, all the volunteer regiments were re-organized; when he was chosen Lieutenant Colonel. Concerning this promotion he thus writes to his wife:

'In the re-organization of this regiment, I was chosen Lieutenant Colonel. This promotion was unexpected; but I shall accept it, and endeavor with all my powers to discharge its duties. I pray God to give me the requisite skill and courage for this position, that I may so bear myself in it, as to do good service to my country."

This place he filled with eminent success, and like a good soldier, "bore the heat and burden of the day." His former associates remarked with wonder, that he seemed formed by nature for a soldier; that although

reared in elegance, and devoted hitherto almost exclusively to literary pursuits, he seemed to sleep any where, eat any thing, and to endure any hardship, without inconvenience. He appeared thus, only because his manly spirit refused to complain of his trials; while in truth, both body and mind were suffering acutely under them. Throughout the bloody campaign of 1862, he was always at his post. In the expedition into Maryland, he was in command of the 3rd Regiment, then a part of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Cavalry Brigade. In the combat of Boonsboro', when this brigade covered the retreat of the Confederate Army against the whole host of McClellan, the light of that clear autumn sun was turned into darkness by the smoke and battle dust. Down that famed causeway, as terrible as the jaws of hell, swept by cannon shot and shells, and by clouds of sharpshooters on the front, and right, and left, Col. Thornton led his regiment again and again, in impetuous charges; until the purpose of the Commander-in-chief was secured, in bringing off his artillery and trains. In this fiery ordeal, though his horse was killed under him, he escaped unscathed. But on the bloody morning of Sharpsburg, as he was bringing his regiment into position to protect the left of the army, his punctilious obedience to orders led him to expose himself during a few minute's halt, to a battery of the enemy; and almost the first shot which opened the fearful drama of the day, gave him a fatal wound. It exploded beside him, and one fragment tore his saddle to pieces, inflicting an irreparable shock on his body, while another crushed his arm almost from the hand to the shoulder. His frightened horse was arrested by his men, he sunk fainting into their arms, and was carried to a little farm-house near the field. There, the

surgeons endeavored to save his life by amputating his mangled limb; but in vain. After lingering for twelve hours insensible or delirious, he fell asleep.

His friends were aware that since he entered the service, his religious character had undergone a revolution. God, "whose thoughts are not as our thoughts," had employed the solemnities of this dreadful war, together with the death of two beloved brothers, to mature the convictions, which the sanctuary, and the pure Christian example that blessed his home, had implanted, but could not perfect. Numerous passages from his letters illustrate the birth and growth of his remarkable religious character.

Among the sad remains which were brought along with his corpse, to his widow, were a few of his prayers, written amidst the confusion of the bivouac, on bits of paper, and folded into his pocket-bible. These precious relics of his piety I am permitted to copy; and the purpose of this introductory narrative is to present them to his personal friends, to his comrades in arms, and to the soldiers of our patriotic and suffering army, as his own solemn testimony to the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. In them, "he being dead, yet speaketh." The object is to permit him to speak chiefly for himself: no attempt is made to do more than place the necessary links of connexion between the pieces which unfold his religious emotions. This brief portraiture cannot be made without a partial disclosure of those dearer affections, which Col. Thornton's sensitive honor was wont to cover jealously in the sanctity of his own heart and home. But no brave man will be capable of reading it with any other than emotions of reverent sympathy. Nor will any such

fail to recognize, in the spirit which has yielded these sacred mementoes to the inspection of his brothers-in-arms, the same self-consecration, and preference of duty over feeling, which made him the Christian hero. It has only been done because of the belief, that, could the soul of the departed speak from that blest abode, where it is now, as we humbly trust, solaced for its pains, it would pronounce the commending of Christ to its fellows a dearer object than any earthly tie.

In the opinion of all who have been permitted to read them, these prayers are peculiarly excellent. They show a maturity of Christian feelings, a propriety in the selection of topics and language, a tenderness, fervency, and humility, remarkable in one who was so young in the faith. It is hoped that they will furnish to many a young disciple a pattern for his breathings after the Saviour, and to many a Christian husband and father in the army, a vehicle for transmitting to heaven his yearnings for "loved ones at home."

The reader's attention is especially called to the powerful awakening of the sense of parental responsibility in Col. Thornton's bosom, as soon as he became a Christian. His most cherished desire for life, was, that he might return and aid his beloved wife in guiding the steps of his sons heavenward. It is note-worthy also, how frequently his servants are included in these Christian affections. He rarely forgets to send them his kindly salutations. He feels his obligations, as their master, to their souls, and prays for their temporal and eternal welfare. Col. Thornton, a large slaveholder, the son of a large planter, reared near his father's servants, was the fairest type of that character, as developed under South-

ern institutions. The affectionate relations existing between him and his servants, and the bending of such a mind and heart to their good, are the clearest proofs of the wickedness of those who are shedding so much blood to destroy these ties. Another purpose of this little tract is, to show the world, in this specimen among a thousand of our Christian patriots, how high and holy are the principles which nerve their arms in this war. There is here, no lust of power, notoriety, or wealth; no unsanctified revenge: but the resolve of the virtuous soul, sadly, yet firmly accepting the mournful alternative of resistance, rather than recreancy to duty. The enemies of our country, however, they may contemn our material strength, may well tremble at the guilt of the wholesale murders they perpetrate to crush this righteous spirit of defence. It is the spirit of God's Word; it is sustained and prompted, in its noblest instances, by His Holy Ghost. Do they not see that, although God may chastise our ingratitude and irreligion towards Him, by using their wicked hands as the instruments of correction, they are fighting against Him, and their murders will yet be avenged in calamities so dire, that both the ears of them that hear shall tingle?

But it is time to proceed directly to the narrative of Col. Thornton's religious life. His brief expressions of feeling must be weighed by the reader with this fact: that his character was always marked by a strong abhorrence of meaningless professions. He seems to have been, at the beginning of the war, not a stranger to prayer; but the death of two brothers in rapid succession, one of whom, a citizen of Texas, coming to Virginia with the soldiers of that State, only reached Richmond to die,

profoundly deepened his religious emotions. October, 18th, 1861, he writes from Camp Bethel, on the Peninsula:

"I feel sometimes very sad and solitary in this long absence from you. The death of S**** stunned by its suddenness and unexpectedness. I am left alone of all my brothers in this Confederacy. * * * * I would draw closer to your side than ever before.

It is hard to bear my griefs alone; but I pray that I may see clearly in these bereavements, the hand of a wise and merciful God. I try to believe that 'He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men;' that 'though he cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His tender mercies.' But my skepticism is sometimes painful, and it looks as though Heaven were covered with a cloud through which my prayers could not pass."

The next extract which we make, may illustrate the habitual temper of his mind as to the issue of the war before him:

"Camp in Lee's Field, April 9d, 1862,
Six O'clock, P. M.

We have now a large army in this Peninsula. Our men are in fine spirits, and I look with confidence to the God of battles, to give us the victory. I pray he may be my shield in the hour of conflict. I have much to make life sweet to me. * * * * * * Let us implore humbly and earnestly the Father of mercies, who has showered so many blessings on us, that He will guide us through the perils of the dark hours of war, to the sunny, bright days of peace."

June 1st., 1862, he writes, making a definite avowal of his hope in Christ, and purpose to live a new life. After a tribute to the Christian fidelity of her to whom the letter is addressed, tender and glowing, he thus proceeds:

"This service in the army has not been without its benefits, and as I trust, great, lasting, and eternal benefits, to me. The busy, bustling life, that I had led ever since I left College, until I left home for the war, gave me but little time for calm, serious, sober thought on my past history and future life. In the quiet of the outpost, in the stillness of the camp at night, in the weary, solitary journeys to visit the chain of sentinels, I find ample time for reflection. With no books to read, with no business cares to engross or distract my attention, my mind has turned back upon myself, and often has the path I have trod been travelled over again by me. Thoughts of you * * * * restrained me from those vulgar vices of the camp, drinking and card-playing. Thoughts of you * * * *, kept back my tongue from profanity, and then thoughts of the words you had spoken and written to me * * * *, and thoughts of the goodness of God, and of my sins, and of my need as a sinner, led me to seek salvation through the mercy of God, and the atonement of Jesus. I trust * * * *, that I truly believe, and shall prove faithful to the end, and be an inheritor of the promises."

"If I am spared to return home, I trust that you and I * * * *, will live through long years, to serve our heavenly Father who has been so kind to us, if such be His holy will. But if, in His wisdom and justice and mercy, he determines otherwise, and either of us be shortly taken from the other, then may the other bear the chastisement with meekness, and look forward to a re-union in God's own good time, on that blessed shore, where adieus and farewells are sounds unknown." * * * * "Kiss all the boys for me. Give my love to Mrs. ——; I hope she has recovered. Remember me kindly to the servants. Farewell, * * * *. May God keep you and our dear children."

June 4th, 1862, he writes thus:

"Tell the dear boys I think often of them, and trust they will be obedient to you, and industrious in their studies. I have high hopes and expectations of our boys, and it would be a mercy of God for which we should

pray, that you and I may be spared to see them reared to manhood, and to use our exertions to lead them to the paths of piety and honor."

The same hopes are pursued in his next:

"CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, *June 12th*, 1862.

It is one of my earnest petitions to God, that if it be in accordance with His wise decrees, He may spare you and me, to train our dear boys under his guidance. I feel how weak and feeble I am in the Christian life. I trust, with fear and trembling, that my faith is sincere, and my hopes are well grounded. Certainly I could not object to your telling our friend L——, or any other friend you might desire to talk with on the subject, of my hope that my sins are pardoned, and that I am a true believer. But, I do not wish you to be deceived as to the state of my heart, and I know you would not deceive any one else. I have sinned much and long. I try, with a sincere penitence, I trust, to ask forgiveness of those sins from our Heavenly Father, by reason of the atonement made by our loving Saviour, whose righteousness I implore may be imputed to me. I feel the risings of sin in my heart every day. I endeavor to drive impure thoughts from my heart, to banish wicked words from my tongue, and to keep my hands from unclean deeds, but despite my striving, my prayers, my penitence, I sin. Conscious of my guilt, praying for forgiveness, I am a poor, weak Christian. You must not then expect to see high Christian graces in me. I hope, I trust, I pray for increase of faith. I try to believe and implore God to help my unbelief. I notice all you say in reference to conversation with old and tried Christians. I should be rejoiced to have such friends to commune with, but I never could unveil my heart to any one except you; and even now, I do not know how I could speak to any one of my desire to be a Christian, of my communings with our Heavenly Father, of my faith in our adorable Saviour, of my prayers for the influence of the Holy Ghost. You must be my guide * * * * in the Christian walk * * * * and to you I must look for advice and counsel. I pray that

the war may end, and you may take my hand in yours, and that we may pass along life's journey aiding and encouraging each other in all our Christian duties."

About this time was written the first of these prayers which has been preserved; its date is June 10th. The bloody, but indecisive battle of Seven Pines had then been fought. The vast hosts of Federals were pressing close up to the beleaguered city. The army of Jackson was seemingly involved past hope in those complications of danger, from which it was soon to emerge in a blaze of glory. Every where, the condition of the Confederacy seemed to anxious patriots perilous, in the extreme. It was at this juncture Col. Thornton penned these devout and solemn petitions:

A PRAYER.

"I beseech and implore thee, merciful Father, to look down with tender compassion on thy unworthy servant, to forgive his sins, to strengthen his faith, to fill his heart with thy grace, to shed upon his soul the influences of thy Holy Spirit; to give him bodily strength and courage for the discharge of all his duties, to illumine his mind with thy divine intelligence, to guide his feet in the path of holiness, to deliver him from every temptation that may assail him, to shield him from every assault of man or devil, to maintain him in health of body and purity of spirit, and finally to receive him in heaven, thy holy dwelling place; there to live forever in the joy and delight of thy presence."

"I pray thee, Oh God! to blot out my sins. I feel how vile and impure I am and have been. I feel that I can find refuge alone in the abundance of thy tender mercies: that nothing but the blood of Jesus, our adorable Saviour can cleanse my vile heart of its pollution. Under the shadow of thy mercy I seek to hide, in the flood that flows from Calvary, I wash my soul."

"Preserve me, Oh Lord! from presumption, from a vain and foolish reliance on my own strength, from a sil-

ly confidence in the power and efficacy of my own good works; cause me at all times to know my folly and weakness; keep me continually mindful that salvation is all of free, unmerited grace; and never allow mé for an instant to forget that the works of man, even the best he can perform, are marked by folly, and stained with guilt."

"In thy hands, Oh merciful Father, are the fortunes of my beloved State and Country. I recognize thy chastening hand in the afflictions thou hast sent upon our land and upon our people. Teach us all to submit with Christian humility to these sad tribulations, to bear with Christian resignation these severe trials, to bow beneath the rod, and with reverence to honor the hand that smites. In thine own appointed time, Oh God! thou wilt deliver us from the hands of our enemies and of those who hate us. Thou, Oh Lord! wilt, in thy good time, lead us by a path that thou wilt open to our feet, to safety and independence. Be thou, Oh Lord! our stay and our deliverance. In the day of battle be with us; uphold our hands, strengthen our hearts, and give us victory over our foes. Oh Lord! smite with thy righteous indignation the cruel invaders who now drive us from our homes and beseige our Capital. Send thy Angel, armed with the sword of justice, to execute vengeance upon our cruel foes. Make our army a holy instrument in thy hands, to punish the insolent tyrants who are now endeavoring to subjugate our people, to free our slaves, to confiscate our lands, and to take from us all that in thy goodness, thou hast given us. Drive the enemy, Oh Lord! from our soil. Give us, merciful Father, the blessings of peace. Shed the influences of thy Holy Spirit upon the hearts of our rulers and people, upon the hearts of the officers and privates of our army, and make us a God-fearing nation, whose Ruler is the great Jehovah. I implore thee, Oh God! for thy blessing and especial favor on the Regiment in which I am serving. Make them pure and holy. Make them a band of Christian warriors, who shall fight in thy strength. Cover their heads in the hour of conflict; crown them with victory

over our Northern foes, and over the wiles and machinations of the Evil One."

"I beseech thee, Heavenly Father, to guard and guide, and console, and sustain, thy handmaiden and servant, the wife whom thou hast given me. Bless her, Oh Lord! at all times. Write thy law upon her heart. Shield her from all evil, and if it be thy holy will, unite her and myself once more, and permit us together, as heads of a Christian family, in peace to serve and honor and praise thee. Bless the children thou hast given to us. Aid us to train them up in thy knowledge and in thy fear, and to make them thy servants, pure, holy, and obedient."

"For my servants, Oh Lord God! I pray. Teach me how to act as their master, and instruct them how to discharge their duties as servants. Fill their hearts with love for thee; teach them to shun all evil, to live purely and uprightly, and finally save them with an eternal salvation."

"Into thy hands of love and mercy I trustingly commit myself, Oh Lord God Almighty. If it be in accordance with thy wise and great purposes, I beseech thee, bear me safely through all the perils of this war. Carry me back to my wife and home and children; and make me faithful to thee, walking in thy statutes, observing thy commandments, and honoring thee in all pureness and holiness of living. But if, Oh Lord! according to thy righteous decree, I am to fall by the hands of the enemy, or to die from any cause, then I implore thee, Heavenly Father, receive my soul, and take me to heaven to dwell forever in the light of thy holiness."

"If I have asked, Oh Lord, any thing wrong, I pray thee, forgive the evil thought, and blot out the wicked petition. If my prayers are pure and right, I beseech thee in the name of Jesus, and by reason of his death and sufferings, and because of his merits, to answer them. Add, I pray thee, Heavenly Father, every blessing on me and my household we are worthy to receive; and to thee let all honor and glory be ascribed. Amen."

The following letter displays his Christian trust as to the issues of the great struggle in which his country was engaged:

"CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, *June 20th*, 1862.

It is now within four days of a year, since I left you and home to enter the army. It has been a year crowded with incidents of most momentous importance to our State and Confederacy; of events that will be read with interest for generations to come, by the student of history and the statesman. It will tell of a government erected by wise patriots, overthrown by mad ambition, sectional hate, and unreasoning fanaticism. It will tell of a powerful people summoned to arms to resist invasion and subjugation. The nations of the earth have looked with complacency upon the spectacle of a fierce and strong democracy, in a spirit of direst hate and meanest vengeance, striving in every way to crush and subjugate a feeble people who only ask to be let alone. This people, few in numbers compared with their adversaries, with an inadequate supply of arms and munitions of war, shut up from intercourse with any portion of the world, have kept them at bay for one year, and at the end of that time have forced them to call for a large increase of their military force. It is true, we during this time have sustained grievous reverses. In the future, we have sad and severe trials before us. But God in his mercy has borne us up, and sustained us thus far, in our struggle for independence, and I have an abiding faith that He will crown us in the end with victory. I acknowledge with gratitude his mercy to me in this year of affliction. While so many have fallen around me, from disease and the enemy, He has graciously given me health and strength. He has mercifully protected you and our dear children, and our servants, during these twelve months of tribulations. Let us praise his holy name, and give thanks with grateful souls, for His loving kindness and mercy. He is a 'God of comfort' to us, as St. Paul calls him. I do sincerely pray that all this tender care of me may excite lively emotions of piety in my soul, and may constrain me to unite in your prayer,

that God will strengthen me and enable me to persevere in the new life I am striving to lead."

June 25th, he writes:

"It is useless to speculate as to the period when the war will end. I hear opinions of various shades expressed. It is still more idle to indulge in thoughts of what is to become of you and me in the progress of the conflict. Our lives and fortunes are in the hands of an all-wise and merciful God, and we must give our souls repose in the faith that He will do all things for us better than we could for ourselves. This is the truest, best, and firmest consolation we can have in these days of trouble. When I can visit home, it is impossible for me to say. How much I would like to drop in on you this morning, and see you with our children all around you. Let us trust such joy is laid up in store for us, and without perplexing our hearts, look forward to the future with confidence and courage. I doubt not, your faith is firmer than mine; but by mutual encouragement, we can strengthen the hearts of each other, to bear misfortune, if it is sent upon us, or to receive with joy and gratitude whatever blessings may be vouchsafed."

July 4th, 1862, he thus announces the results of the campaign before Richmond:

"The papers will give you an account of the triumphs vouchsafed to our arms by God, in the late battles around Richmond. He has mercifully protected me; but our loss in killed and wounded is fearfully large. Our whole land will be clothed in mourning. I pray God to console the bereaved hearts, and to turn the charities of all our people upon those whose earthly protectors have been taken from them."

The reader will now be able to understand the allusion of the following

PRAYER.

"*July 4th*, 1862.

My Father in Heaven, I come before thee this morning with a song of praise and thanksgiving for the victo-

ry thou hast given us over our enemies. Oh Lord, thou hast heard the prayers of thy people; their supplications and petitions have ascended to thy throne, and in the abundance of thy mercies thou hast heard them and answered them, by granting to our arms a triumph over our invaders. I feel and confess it is all from thee, Lord God Almighty; and to thy holy and glorious name do I ascribe all the praise. Continue, I pray thee, thy mercy and kindness to us as a nation. Give wisdom from on high to our rulers and generals, and all others in authority. Strengthen the hearts of our soldiers, shield their heads, and with thy strong arm bear up our banner in the conflict that is before us. Confuse and confound the counsels of our adversaries, drive them from our territory, and compel them by thy providence, to grant us a just and honorable peace. I pray thee, Oh Lord, to send thy Holy Spirit into the hearts of our soldiers, and make them soldiers of the Cross. Con-Convert them to thy service, and make the people of the Confederate States a pious people, whose God is the Lord. I pray thee Oh Lord, to be with the sick and wounded of our army, in the hospitals and in the camps; alleviate their sufferings, soothe their pains, turn their hearts to thee, and bless them whether they live or die. I pray, Oh God, for a blessing on the Regiment in which I serve. Make all connected with it godly men and brave soldiers. Grant them grace to serve thee, and give them courage for the discharge of every duty."

"I pray thee, Oh Lord, to forgive my sins, to wash away my iniquities, to renew my heart. Pour upon me thy grace, so that I may always do thy will. I pray, most merciful Father, that thou wilt make me pure, give me strength to put away all evil thoughts and impure desires, to resist all temptations and wicked suggestions. Make me to love thee supremely, and to prefer above all things else to do thy will, and to enjoy more than any other employment, thy holy service. Enable me, Oh Father, to live near to thy Divine Son, my Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men. Be thou, Oh Son of God, my elder Brother; thou hast atoned for my sins; hear my prayers for forgiveness and acceptance

to our Father, and bring me back rich spiritual gifts. I pray thee, Oh God, to grant me health of body and steadiness of purpose, and cool, deliberate courage, and intelligence, to discharge all the duties of my position. Be with me in every trial: if thou wilt, shield me from every danger; if it be thy will that I fall in battle, receive my spirit, and take me to thy heavenly mansion, to dwell there forever in peace and rest, and joy and bliss, praising and serving thee."

"Oh merciful Father, I implore thy blessing upon my beloved wife. Comfort, console, and sustain her, I pray thee; fill her heart with thy grace; give her strength sufficient for all the severe labors she has to perform; grant her wisdom from on high to discharge every duty. Re-unite her and myself, and let us through long years of peace, worship thee, and train our children and servants in thy service. I pray thee, Heavenly Father, to bless my children; and fill their tender hearts with love for thee; make them thy children; make them thine by election and adoption. Give their parents wisdom and grace, to train them for a heavenly inheritance. Bless my servants, I implore thee, most merciful God. Enable me to instruct them properly, and to govern them wisely. Make them thy servants, zealous in every good work; and finally receive them to thyself in heaven."

"I ask all these blessing in the name of my Saviour Jesus. I offer these petitions in the name of thy Holy Son Hear me, and answer me, Oh God. Pour upon me every blessing thou in thy mercy and loving kindness, wilt grant. Amen.

ANOTHER PRAYER.

July 21, 1862.

"I approach thy throne, my Heavenly Father, this day, to acknowledge the benefits with which, in thy loving kindness and mercy, thou hast crowned me all the days of my life: to confess my sins, to implore forgiveness. to ask for thy grace and the influences of thy Holy Spirit; and to beseech thee to continue to regard me with favor, to load me with blessings, and to grant me courage of heart and strength of body to discharge

rightly and properly all the duties of my position. Oh God, wash me clean in the blood of thy Son, Christ Jesus, my Saviour. Let me go to the cross, and live near to him who died that I may live. Raise me from the grave to sit beside him who first rose from the grave that He might show to men the way to heaven. In his name I offer my petitions; through his intercession I ask forgiveness; by reason of his sufferings and atonement, I expect salvation. I know that I am guilty, polluted, undone, and ruined; but I thank thee, Oh merciful Father, that on Calvary thou didst open a fountain, in whose stream the vilest and filthiest sinner may wash his guilt away. To that fountain filled with blood I would come, and cleanse my heart from every stain. Pity, forgive, and save me, Lord God Almighty. I pray thee, merciful Father, to shield me from all the perils that assail my life; from the pestilence that is abroad in the land, and from the cruel enemy that has invaded, and is now ravaging and destroying my State and Country. Be with me, Oh Lord God, at all times; shield me in the hour of conflict, and make my hand strong to strike for truth, and justice, and right. Save me, merciful Father, and restore me, when the war is over, and thou hast sent peace on our land, to my home, my wife, my children, and my servants."

"Bless, guide, comfort, and console the wife thou hast given me, and the children that have been born by our marriage. Reign and rule in their hearts. Make the mother skilful and apt to teach her children thy law, and turn the hearts of the children to do thy will. Re-unite us, merciful Father, and uphold thy handmaiden and myself as the heads of a Christian family, and our offspring and servants as its members, teaching us all to love thy word and thy law, to live as becometh them who are striving for a heavenly inheritance, and finally receive us all into heaven, thy holy dwelling place, to praise and honor and serve thee through all eternity."

"Oh Lord God! have mercy on my country, these Confederate States, now struggling for salvation from tyranny and oppression, and seeking the rights thou hast given us as a nation, through an agony of blood and suf-

fering. I see, Oh God, the desolations that mark the footsteps of our cruel enemy. Before me are the naked fields, the ruins of the burned dwelling, and far away from the fierce foe are the houseless and homeless wanderers. These cruel tyrants boast of their large numbers, their great wealth, and their power, vastly superior to that of these poor States. They rely on the arm of flesh. We trust in thee, Oh Lord God Jehovah! Be thou our fortress and our defence; God of battles, be with the soldiers of this Confederacy, and give them victory; God of truth and justice, reign in the hearts of the people all over the land; God of wisdom, illumine the minds of our rulers and officers; God of mercy, give us peace; God of nations give us independence; and to thy name be all honor and glory, forever and ever. Amen.

July 22nd, 1862, he wrote from the region of the Pamunkey, a letter well describing the principles which made him resolute in enduring, without any ambitious aspirations, a separation so irksome to his soul.

"I am amused at the delight you so heartily manifest, at my not meeting the enemy, who were reported as crossing into King William. You say you cannot wish me any opportunity of distinction where my life will be placed in jeopardy. In reply I would say, that I only desire to do my duty. I have no thirst for military fame; for I know it is won through blood and tears and suffering. But I do desire to aid in driving the base invader from Virginia's soil. I am amazed that men can sit quietly at home, when they see the fate that awaits us if the enemy succeeds in subjugating us. I am sitting now, as I write, in full view of what was, before the invasion, one of the loveliest estates in Virginia. It is now a scene of desolation; the fields are naked, the fences destroyed, the houses burned, the laborers stolen away, and the owners fugitives, and, if this were all their wealth, beggars."

His remaining letters, written on the march from lower Virginia to Manassas and Maryland, were little more

than brief notes, penned in moments snatched from the fatigues of the journey. But in all of them, his yearnings for the society of his beloved home were mingled with prayers for faith and strength to bear his lot with fortitude. The last specimen of prayer which he left is incomplete. Perhaps the bugle-call summoned him away from the solemn and pleasing communion of the mercy seat, to the march or the combat.

THE LAST PRAYER.

July 27th, 1862.

"I come before thee, Oh Lord God Almighty, on this thy holy day, to thank thee for the many mercies I have received from thy loving hand, and for the protection thou hast heretofore afforded me; to ask that thou wilt not withdraw thy mercy, favor, and protection from me, but wilt continue to crown me with blessings, and shield me from all assaults of the world, the flesh, and the Devil. I come to implore the forgiveness of my sins, pardon for all my guilt, and eternal salvation for my soul, through the merits and intercession of thine adorable Son Christ Jesus. I come to praise thee for the loving kindness and tender compassion which, at such a cost, and at such a sacrifice, furnished a way of escape for guilty man. Oh Lord! I would live near to thy Son Christ Jesus, our Lord and Saviour. I pray thee to give me grace, to illumine my understanding, to fill my heart with love, to make thy service my delightful work, and obedience to thy law my most pleasant duty. Save me, I beseech thee, from vain-glorying, from boasting, from self-reliance,"———

Thus the expression of his longings for holiness were broken off unfinished, like his life. But his friends may trust that his life, so full of promise here was but the infancy of a far more blessed and glorious existence in that heaven to which he aspired;

and so, that these acts of worship, interrupted here below are now continued with a nobler, sweeter tongue, and with higher raptures, where there are no wars nor rumors of wars to disturb the saints, in the heavenly Sabbath.

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